

Summer 2022

The Catch



Your Turn by Alysha Cypher // Acrylic & Ink on Clayboard

Part of a series: *Science Satire*

WONDER

To receive a **free** digital copy of *The Catch* directly to your inbox, email jillian.cordovapubliclibrary@gmail.com

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Cordova & Friends,

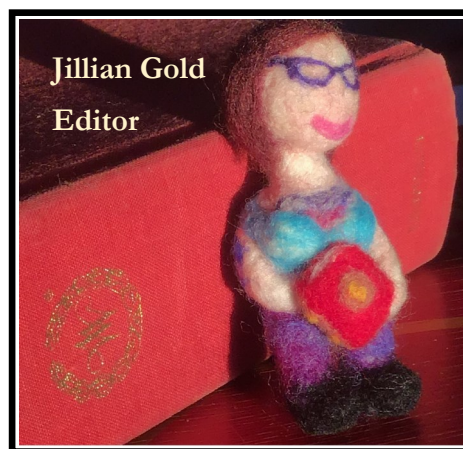
It is with joy that I welcome you back to *The Catch*, our community's literary & arts quarterly publication. This issue (#5) marks the start of our second year in production. It is certainly a milestone, and points to the passionate, enduring collective that is Cordova.

THANK YOU to everyone who has contributed their art, time, and energy to this endeavor.

THANK YOU to a community that supports the arts!

We are all part of a growing and beautiful experience.

With Love & Gratitude,



CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:

Feature your work in our **Fall** issue. The theme is:

Journeys

Submissions are due by September 15th

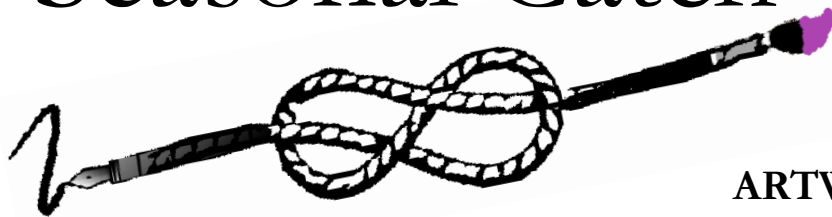
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Seasonal Catch



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DISCLAIMER

The submissions in this publication exclusively reflect the views and opinions of the participating artists and do not, in any way, represent the views or opinions of the city or its members.

While some profanities have been edited (with writer permissions), there is occasional use of forceful language in this publication. Please exercise reader discretion.



Wonder // Petal Art by Leif Solberg // Age 9

Cordova: *The Wonder of it All*

By Gerald *Pieface* Masolini

I guess the first thing about Cordova that caught my attention was that it had no road to or from it (*Yeah, I know, I wrote that on purpose*). That roadless thing told me a bit about the people who live there: they were different in a way I liked.

When the Chilkat ferry dropped me off in the spring of '65, it was a five-minute walk to Main Street. The streets were all dirt, and the sidewalks were all made of wood boards. People there all looked you straight in the eye and said hello, most times with a smile. This was the beginning of the “wonder of it all” for me and it has stuck with me all these 50+ years. Imagine: an isolated little town with sincerely friendly, independent people. There were about an equal number of churches and bars. Of course, some of these people may have appeared mean because they occasionally liked to fight on a Saturday night, but that kind of fighting was

like a sport; no hard feelings afterwards. It must be noted that some of the people were a little weary and bruised when they came to church Sunday morning.

One of the first Cordovans I met was in Andy Schwartzbacker’s hardware store. This was Marion Nippell, the bookkeeper there. She overheard me asking where the nearest bridge was, because I needed a dry place to set up my tent. Marion got to worrying about me (dumb kid camping on a bear trail). After work she drove out to Eccles Creek bridge and called down to me, inviting me to the safety of her house. There I met her husband, Bob, who was working on the roof of their self-made log house on the edge of Lake Eyak. I helped Bob work on the roof, and when we were done he handed me a hundred-dollar bill, the first one I’d ever seen. Just about then, Marion called us to a complete moose steak dinner, followed by chocolate cake. This was my first taste of the local hospitality and my being smitten by Cordova. So many wonders were to follow.

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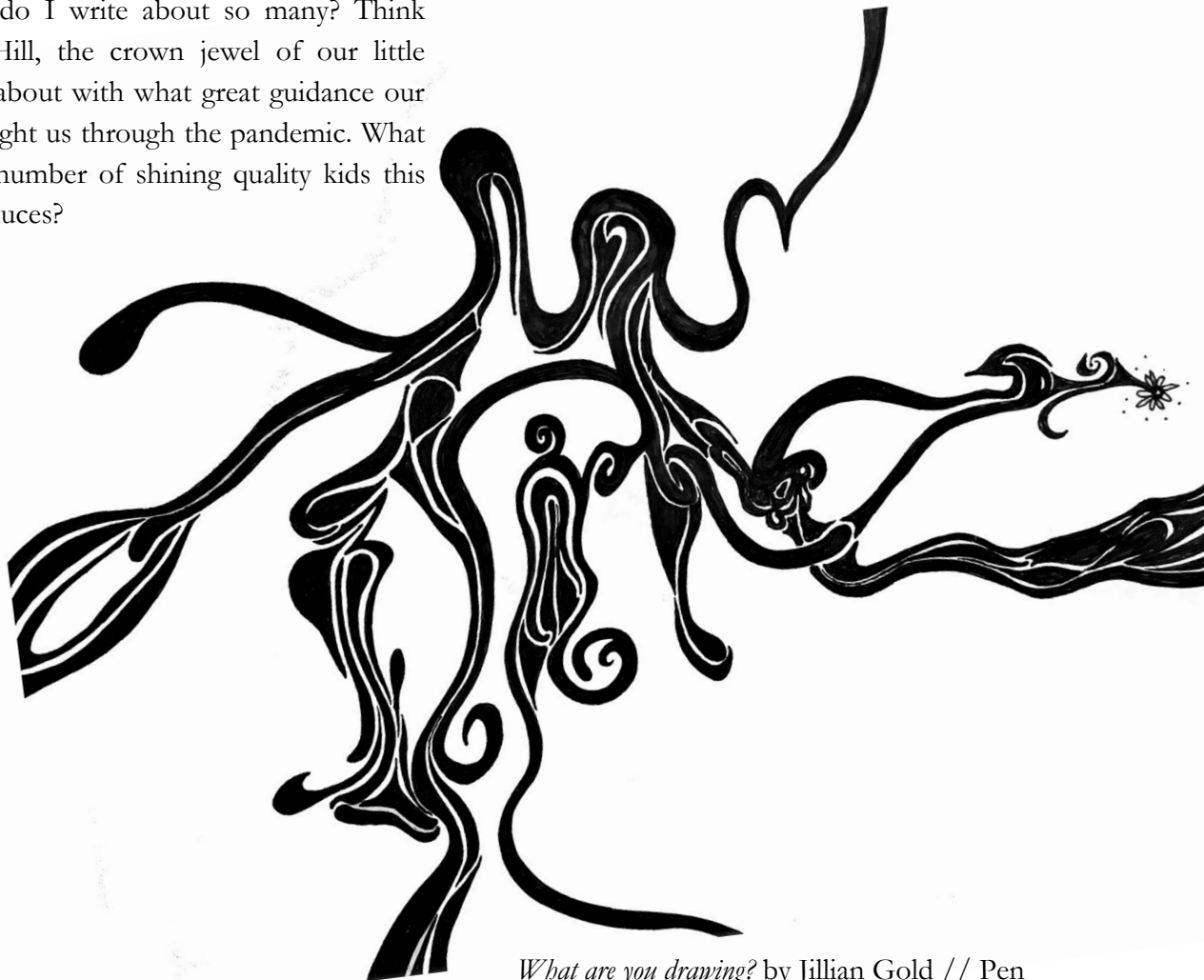
A couple of years later, a friend-since-we-were-little-kids, Skip Mallory, and I scraped up enough money to buy an old (1920) halibut schooner (*The Sentinel*) down on the Oregon coast. We ran it up to Cordova, figuring to make our fortune. We were so proud of that boat that we were sure we could run it to China if we got the notion. Schooners are different from most boats in that their house is in the back... that way, if a big wave comes over the bow, you're not the first guy there. We liked to tell people *we'd just as sooner have a schooner*.

Our first months found us as poor as church mice. Wouldn't you know that Bob and Marion had been watching us; they'd seen hungry moon-struck boys before, so they gave us a side of a moose. All of a sudden, our worries about a hungry winter went out the window. Can you imagine? We went from empty cupboards to a freezer load of prime meat! The wonders never ceased.

I wanted to write more about the wonders of Cordova, but how do I write about so many? Think about the Ski Hill, the crown jewel of our little town. Or think about with what great guidance our city leaders brought us through the pandemic. What about the high number of shining quality kids this community produces?

I have to mention Misa Webber, a 19 year old Cordova kid working hard on fishing boats to earn the money to make a dream come true; to join a scientific group in Madagascar plus buy plane fare so she could go there and see the lemurs. I was on Gus Linville's seiner that blowy rainy night we pulled alongside the old Sunnyvale, a tender that would take her to town and thus an airport. The two boats were slopping up and down in the wind as she jumped onto the tender deck, duffle bag on her back. I can still see her in my mind waving, disappearing into the rainy dark. . little Misa was on her way to Madagascar. Yet one more wonder kid from Cordova.

See how easy it is to start writing about yet another wonder. Maybe Jillian Gold, our Catch leader, will give us more *wonder* themes. I know you have some favorite wonders; why don't you write some for the Catch. See you then.



What are you drawing? by Jillian Gold // Pen

Whale Waves

By Katherine McLaughlin

A pewter-tinged sea
trimmed with tinsel and lace
floats in greened granite arms

Whale waves wash rocky shores
to the sound of their humpback horns

Clouds echoing mountains
pour over steeped edges endlessly

While wet breaths mingle
with williwaws flung wide

Reality fades into fantasy
where dreams prepare to be

Wishes emerge reflected
on light-rimmed flukes tipped high
and sink slowly back into the sea





Photograph by David Lynn Grimes

The Shape of Community

By Sarris

I am in awe and wonder of the
steel cable strength
of community. I wonder
where I will find it, I wonder,
is it here? It smells like the sea
and cinnamon rolls.
It wafts off the backs of gulls and golden
eagles and falls down from the clouds in buckets.
Every time I try to look closely, it is
shrouded in mist, and I am left in wonder.

I wonder what shapes community takes,

Community looks like a line,
drawn between our eyes, together
we exhale through
harmonicas, harmonies raising hair
on our arms, bare
in the glacial air.

Community looks like a triangle, a tortilla chip.
A point for every year since
the toddler was born in the bathtub.
We ask him what to put on the potluck nachos.
“Cheese and green onion and moose,
and drink till the sun goes down!” He crows.
But the sun never promised that it would set.
The crows watch from the gravel patch,
black as a jet.

(continues on next page)



Photograph by David Saiget

Community looks like a web
of unbridled sharing— because
sharing is contagious like yawns,
laughing to tears, or checking your watch.
We share soup in the rain,
glistening, our eyes
like crystals nestled in coves of rubber
Helly Hansen hoods.

Community looks like a square
drawn between the four of us
Community looks like a rectangle
of a kitchen table, a rectangle
of cards, a deck from home.
Someone will remember,
someone will remind you,
the game goes on and on.

If this is what community looks like,
can I create it for myself? I wonder.

If it's only something I stumble upon,
an oasis in a desert, then
I can't create it myself.
If it's like tripping into a pit of heaven,
then I can't dig the pit myself.

It's something I feel myself falling into
as suddenly as the sting from a bee.

But that's what community is for:
Bandaging the wound, the bite, the sting.
Digging the pit. Doing the thing.
Mending the socks. Eating the chips.
Skipping the rocks. Shooting the shit.
Baking the bagels. Tending the fire.
Opening the doors. Resting when tired.



Photograph by Chris Byrnes

Cordova

By Steve Schoonmaker — *F/V Saulteur*

This place called Cordova –

Well, what could it be?

It's more than its mountains,

It's more than its trees.

It's more than its harbor

And Gulf weather breeze,

And the creaking of lines,

All tied up from the seas.

This place called Cordova –

Well, it's seeming to me

Was left with the Eyak

For the coming to be

The railroads and runways and

Ships from the sea,

So exposed to a future of complexity,

Yet, remaining a village

In its niche by the sea.

This place called Cordova –

Just what could it be?

Coming back to the harbor,

Well, it's speaking to me.

All nestled in forests,

Old structures of town,

On the shoulders of mountains,

Peaks nearly surround

Except for the ocean

That's breathing right there

By the snow dancing lady,

By the fish and the bear.



Photograph by David Saiget

(continues on next page)

This place called Cordova –
Just how should it be?
Like a live tank of learning
Derived from the sea.
Derived from extraction and machinery,
And characters evolved in its gurry & grease.
Local knowledge is collaged
In the hulls of the fleet,
And children heard laughing
In the slush of the street.

In this place called Cordova –
Words neon the night
As hands wipe the bars
Reflecting the light
Cast on the stories just in from the sea,
Cast out the windows
And into the street
Yeah, probably wet, yeah what could it be?

This place called Cordova –
How should it seem?
From the extra tuff trails
In the mud by the street,
From the tenders and planes
And such fish from the sea.
In the bright bibs and gloves
Of its fish processing
In the sleepless of summer,
It's more than it seems.



Delivery // Watercolor by Steve Schoonmaker

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Yeah, this poem called Cordova –
Has a maritime sound
And the smell of the sea floor
With the tidewaters down.

In this place called Cordova –
Just in from the sea
Are some people of feathers
With feathers like me,
Flocking all summer
For more than it seems
Or staying all winter,
Through the changes of scenes.

Yeah, this poem called Cordova –
Well, it's seeming to me
Like a toast to Cordova
For all it might be.
So exposed to its future
Of complexity,
Yet remaining a village,
And so poetically
Remaining a village
In its niche by the sea.



Cordova's World by Darla Church // Acrylic

Mom's Salmonberry Pie

By Marleen Moffitt

1 9-inch baked pie shell

1 pkg cream cheese---4 oz.

1/3 cup powdered sugar

a few tablespoons cream

1 pkg Jell-O, raspberry---3 oz.

1/4 cup sugar

3 tablespoons corn starch

1 1/2 cups boiling water

1 tablespoon lemon juice

3 cups salmonberries, frozen



Photograph by Marleen Moffitt

Mix the cream cheese, powdered sugar, and cream. Beat until smooth.
Spread into the bottom of the pastry shell.

Combine Jell-O, sugar, and cornstarch. Add to boiling water.
Stir and boil until mixture coats a spoon (about 3-4 minutes). Mixture will not be very thick.
Remove from heat and cool a few minutes. Add lemon juice. Let cool completely but not congealed.
Place frozen berries on top of the cream cheese mixture in the baked shell.
Pour Jell-O over slowly and let it run down through the berries. Refrigerate until set (3-4 hours).
Serve with whipped cream.

Salmonberry tips: Pick salmonberries when fully ripe, clean and spread out on cookie sheets to freeze.
When frozen, package into freezer bags and store in the freezer for use through winter.

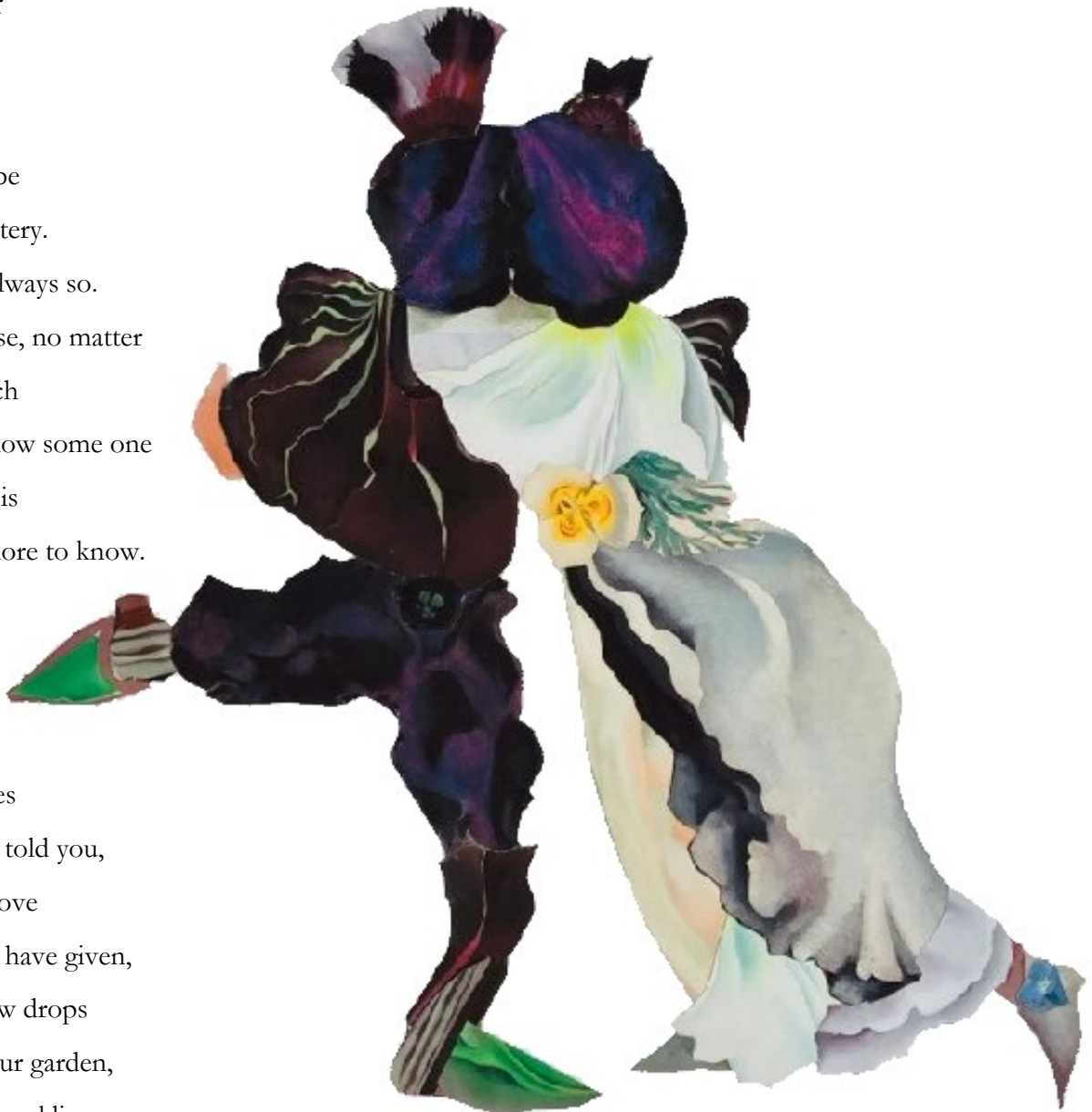


Wonder

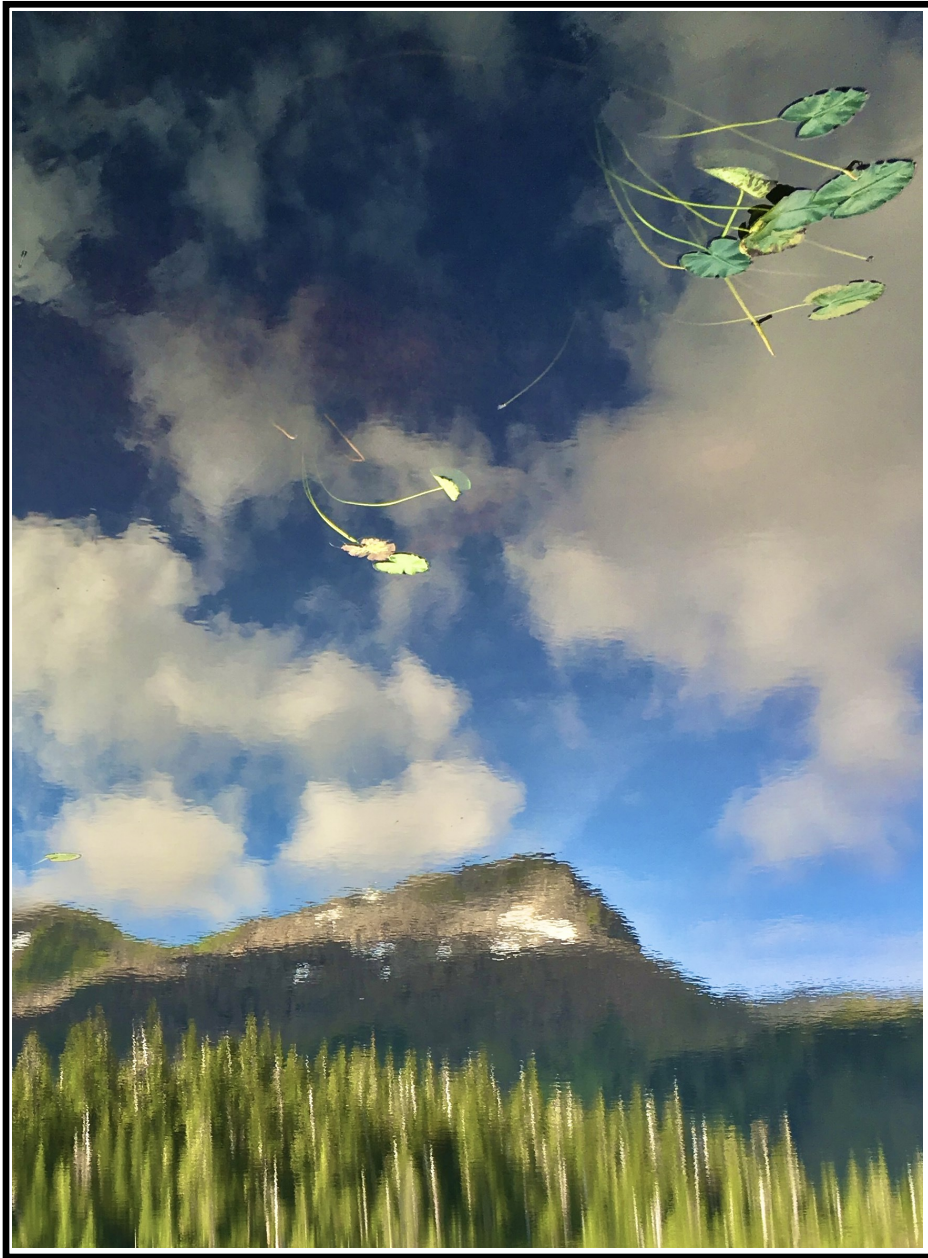
By Simone

You can be
A mystery.
For it is always so.
Because, no matter
How much
We know some one
There is
Always more to know.

The stories
I have told you,
And the love
That I have given,
Are as dew drops
On your garden,
Sunlight sparkling
On the water,
Dancing in a ribbon.



Dance of the Purple Pansy by Simone
Collage of recycled Georgia O'Keefe calendars
Part of a series: *O'Keefe Project*



Photograph by David Lynn Grimes

Cuttings (*A Wedding Toast*)

By Gabe Cap

Far away fields bloom

Pollen floats on the wind's tail

A new vine springs up



REDEEMED

By Cristina Vican

This one called Mary Magdalene
She was not Holy Mother Immaculate
She had been possessed by darkness
Polluted, defiled, ragged and wild
What had she done? What was her sin?
How had she transgressed to let evil in?
This woman alone and rejected, left in the abyss
This one Jesus cleansed and embraced with forgiveness

No matter the things that happened to her
How do we regard those "fallen, impure"?
Do we dig up the details of sorrow and woe?
Sneering with judgment and disdain show?

Mary Magdalene rose up and threw off the shame
She held her head high, everything to gain
This one I see in grace and majesty
No matter how far one seems to fall
Mary Magdalene shows us, we can leave it all

PURE...CLEAN...BELOVED...
REDEEMED!!!

The Voice of Mary Magdalene

By Cristina Vican

IT WAS VERY DARK...CAN NOT SAY WHEN IT SEEMED TO START
THE PAIN, THE SMEAR, THE CROWDED MIND FEAR
NEVER A MOMENT OF PEACE, NEVER A TIME OF RELEASE
JOYLESS, ANGUISH, A LIVING DEATH, EVERY MOMENT AN UNWANTED BREATH
NO SENSE OF SAFETY, OR LOVING EMBRACE, NO WARM SWEET SMILE, HAPPY PLACE
ALL THOSE ABOUT ME LOOKED DOWN WITH SCORN, MISERY OF LIVING A LIFE NEVER BORN

*All at once I saw His love lit face
He walked right up to me, lifted me from disgrace
He saw me, He knew me as His Beloved Friend
All Heaven's angels seemed to alight and descend
Upon me, comforting, healing, adorning my worth
Immediately, immaculately, an experience of new birth*

*Arise, my dear ones, look into the eyes of the One who loves you
Who is so gentle and wise, be not afraid to walk into His arms
You are safe, you are home now, free from all harm
Do not doubt but know this is true
He who loves me just as surely loves you...*



Watercolor & Pen by Runa Kocan // Age 5

Last Breath

By Andrew Scott

Rodrigo, a stout man with a grizzly beard, awakens from his unconscious state. He was just sitting at home on his recliner, trying to enjoy his time off from the fishing season. It was almost time to go back to his net mender to ensure the prosperity of his upcoming season. Now though, as he comes to, he looks around him and he is not in the shelter of his home. He is in a damp, dark space. As his eyes adjust and he feels around his new enclosure, he recognizes where he is. From his years of seine fishing, he knows this space all too well. He is inside of an empty fish hold. Just as Rodrigo begins running his fingers along the outside walls, searching in the dark for a ladder or a hatch, two orange halogen lights blind him. Rodrigo puts his hand over his eyes to shield them from the light, anxiously looking around to adjust to the new lighting and find his way out. There is no hatch, and no ladder.

"How is it that I came to be here?" he thinks, scrambling from one end of the hold to the other. "I must be dreaming." Rodrigo slaps himself on each cheek, attempting to wake himself from his new, harsh reality. He is still in the dreary and unknown space. Just as he, himself, has woken up, a distant engine awakens. "A generator," he thinks to himself. "One terrible thing will result of this." This could mean the death of Rodrigo, but also adds some light to his dark situation. The likelihood of someone knowing that he exists has increased exponentially. This means that he must be on a vessel that is occupied. If any of the crew members or the skipper hear him, maybe there is an unknown hatch that he can be pulled out through. Rodrigo frantically bangs on all the walls

and begins to shout, hoping that someone will hear his cries. He continues his banging on the outside walls, ceiling, and even the floor for what seems like forever, but to no avail. Rodrigo, battered, bloody from beating his hands, and exhausted, slumps to the floor of his new chamber. He draws his knees up to his face and falls on his side into a fetal position. He begins to weep, for he has used up the last of his energy and it was all for naught.

"This is the end, and I don't even know why I'm here or where here is," Rodrigo thinks. He closes his now tear burnt eyes and begins to fall back to sleep. Just as he is losing consciousness, though, he hears a faint voice. Then another. Rodrigo jerks himself up and tries to listen intently. More voices are shouting above him. He frantically stands up and begins to bang on the ceiling again, shouting "I'm here! Please, I can't get out!" He raps on the roof of the chamber with the rhythm of the Morse Code for S.O.S., hoping they can hear his beacon. "3 shorts, 3 longs, 3 shorts," he thinks. "That's the ratio for S.O.S. They will hear it, and I will be rescued. They have to." No changes occur and no one comes to his rescue. The voices stop and Rodrigo loses what little hope he had gained. He can feel his sanity slipping as he screams out with the last bit of energy he can muster. His cry is cut short by a new sound. Another sound Rodrigo knows all too well. The sound of rushing water.

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Photograph by David Saiget

"The Sea Chest," he says aloud, as though saying its name will make it stop. He turns his head slowly and, much to his dismay, he is correct. Right above the halogen bulb, he sees the spray of sea water pouring in by the gallons from the now open Sea Chest. Rodrigo, scrambling now, tries rapping and clawing on every surface around him. He stretches his horse voice further, and to its breaking point. He tries climbing the slick walls as the cold ocean water begins to reach his ankles. Each time he climbs, he falls back and lands in the rising water. He tries one last time to climb and this time, when he falls, he does not get back up. Rodrigo, now floating atop 4 feet of salinated water, stares up at the roof that is coming closer by the second. "Why," he thinks, "after all the storms, droughts, and chaos I have survived over the years. . . Why must I go out like this?" The roof is now only a few feet above Rodrigo's head and there is no escaping his fate.

He had always wanted to go out on his own terms. Now, the world has taken that from him. Just as the last foot of water rushes in to coat the

chamber, he has a fleeting thought. "I can drown myself. Yes, I can still take myself from this world rather than go out on the world's terms. I will take my own life." Rodrigo takes one last breath and closes his eyes. He forces his body under the water. He can't help but smile now, as he has defeated the world that wanted to take him. He has outwitted fate and taken his own life. With that, he can die peacefully. The last of his oxygen is transferred into carbon dioxide, and his body begins to fight. Despite Rodrigo not wanting to, his body still tries to pull him to the now nonexistent surface, and to safety. He reaches the top of the fish hold and finds that the hold is now completely full. "This is it," he thinks, slowly losing consciousness. "This is the end for me and all things I know. What a way to go." His mind slips out of the light and plunges into darkness, and his pain dissipates along with it. His body relaxes and he collapses into a final, euphoric moment. The final bubble from his last breath escapes his lips, and Rodrigo is no more.

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At the very moment he seems to have passed on, Rodrigo jolts awake. He looks around frantically, realizing he is no longer in the fish hold. He is at the helm of his boat, sitting dry in his captain's chair. "Was it really just a dream all along?" he thinks, looking down at his hands. They are bruised and scarred from years of torment in the fishing industry but, as he closes and opens them, pain rushes through his body. "Strange, but it was a dream after all." He stands up from his chair and begins to feel dizzy. He grabs onto the ledge of his wooden shelf to stabilize for a moment. After feeling a little better, he makes his way downstairs and into the galley. His crew is not onboard, and he is alone. He looks out onto his deck and sees that his fish hold is overflowing. A gut-wrenching feeling pours over him. "No, it can't be. Why would I have tanked down? Who is playing this trick?" He looks all around his boat and sees that he is alone and in the middle of the Sound.

He slowly opens the hatch cover to inspect. As he does, he sees a dark object floating just below the surface. Rodrigo falls to his knees, knowing that what he's seeing is real. He covers his mouth, holding back vomit that is bubbling up. The object begins to come to the surface, and it spins around. "A body," he says aloud. As he speaks, the body flips over and faces him. The body he is looking at is himself. Rodrigo falls back in shock and cries out. The Rodrigo in the water is white as paper with blue veins showing throughout. Suddenly, its eyes open and its jaws unlock, showing what looks like a fiery entrance into Hell. The body rushes forward and out of the water to clutch Rodrigo. Rodrigo screams one last time before both fall into the fish hold, and into the never ending dark.



Photograph by Chris Byrnes

Always Runs

By Steve Schoonmaker -- *F/V Saulteur*

Always runs

Always runs

Day and night, dark or light

Always runs

Always runs

From the high to the low

In flow

Down the twisted braids

But not away, not away

But a way . . .

Yea, the way . . . downstream

With all things

Always runs

Always runs

But not away

Always runs, not away

Unconcerned of outcome

Always runs

Always . . .

Always runs



Pastels by Steve Schoonmaker

Why do we string from such proud poles

By Jillian Gold

Why do we string from such proud poles
Symbols of allegiance
When always, there above, Sun's glow
Unites all the regions

And when we ask the children why
They sing nation's praises
But not for the star-spangled sky
Moon, and all her phases

They shuffle unsure feet, confused
They've not been given choice
You simply stand and pledge your dues
With each bell's chiming voice

Now shall we part from ordered rank
And drawing within lines
Let each flag be a canvas blank
We'll move without confines

Perhaps a more world wide notion
Would be a worthy cause
With vows for peaceful devotion
And giving earth applause

With no more love for me than you
We'd all be unified
Just one big us, long overdue
With ample stars to guide



Photograph by Chris Byrnes

HELLO FRIENDS

By Jeanie Gold

Hello hummingbirds
and bright blue skies.
Hello majestic mountains
silhouetted by sunrise.

Hello roadrunners
scurrying quickly by,
And calling quails, with head plumes
and down-turned tails.

Hello crisp early morning air and awakening sun,
With a burgeoning symphony of bird songs sung.
Hello nearby Pines and Sycamore trees,
Valleys, Oak Creek splendors, and Verde River breeze.



Watercolors by Cora Kocan // Age 7

Hello panoramic sunsets,
Star-filled skies and moonbeam pies.
Hello beauty, peacefulness and quiet
Of your hush-kissed nights.

Hello summertime
Bearing gifts of monsoon rains
To quench thirsty desert lands,
Parched and drained.

Hello nature-endowed bounty
Overflowing with treasures,
Where living in close proximity to these outdoor-friends
Is a measure of sheer pleasure on which I depend.

Holding deep in my heart
Your company as dear,
Happily I say "hello" to you,
Ever-grateful you are here.

I AM ONCE AGAIN MOVING TO A PLACE I HAVE NEVER BEEN

By Megan Khodl

Home. home?

H
O
M
E

H
O
M
E

What is home?

Where is home?

Who is home?



A McNeil Bear named Lax // Oil painting by P. Payne

For the majority of my life I lived in one location, knew the same people, and spent most of my time doing the same things. Home was static and familiar. Now, here I am...constantly changing jobs and locations. Fully immersing myself and experiencing new places every few months; constantly redefining my definition of **home**. Sure, I have Marquette; the place I call home whenever someone asks where I'm from. Even though technically, home would be Grand Rapids. And even more technically, home would be Ada. But for me, home isn't a stagnant person, place, or thing. Home is a fluid, ever-growing mosaic of everything and everyone that gives me a sense of love and security. Home is Michigan. It's the Northwoods and the Great Lakes. It's walking to get brunch with my friends. It's watching the sun rise outside of my tent door. It's that dispersed campground I always stayed at in Utah. It's a one room mountain hut in Iceland. It's telling stories around a campfire. It's all of the people that I love.

Home is nowhere, and it's everywhere.

Wondering

By Oshiana Black

You can't get there easily from here, though it's under the same sky
It's all relative, we'll find our way home, you and I
The Sacred mystery
Always something in the way
Boxes of books and memories at play
Her thousand art projects, photographs, and hats
Who are you, anyway, without your style, your stuff, your stash?
Colors and textures, patterns of your life
Sorted past in boxes and bags
Attempted not to saturate your car's crevasses
With everything you love and have
Next stop you're lined to board MV Aurora
To a place prospect is not a joke
Head East first, then North on Highway 1
Then turn right on Highway 2, go East to Tok
And Across border to Canada
If they even let you through
The open road of quiescence, of lights
The impending land lay open for you
Mile Markers ticking past
Another minute of your life
The Little one's life, unbounded possibilities
Though so heavy to carry,
 your decisions are a gift, really
Life, why are you so aloof?
Still, consciousness creates
The road stretches to forever
You can't get there easily from here,
 though it's under the same sky



A Promised Blessing of Hope // Photograph by Grace Lee

Space-time

By Rob “The Professor” Brown

The Poodle asked the Penguin in the Wormhole, “Tell me a poem of space and time.” The Penguin replied, “Poetry being a product of consciousness, and the fact that linear time and space is merely a spatio-temporal illusion of consciousness, the conclusion is *all poetry is of space and time.*” The Poodle postulated, “But Penguin you are the delusional one sitting upon your photon sphere in your spherical boundary. The circular orbit of zero thickness has impaired your judgment.” It continued, “As I fly on my pork chop through the universe, time is a measure of my movement through space, and space is a measure of my movement through time. Without time, space would cease to exist. Without space, time would stop.”

The Penguin turned its beak upward, “Your pork chop is merely an elastic manifold that contorts your

conscious perception of the universe around you.” The Poodle looked perplexed. “Answer me this, my Penguin . . . if the universe is a four-dimensional block then why can I only act in the moment, remember the past, and imagine myself in the future?” The Penguin cackled, “Exactly! Although you have come to the wrong conclusion. In your allusion you can only remember the past and just project in the future. You are only conscious in the moment . . . This does not prove that linear time exists. It manifests that linear time is a construct of consciousness; a delusion; a product of the neurons firing in your head. Take a trip, my little Poodle, inside your cranial cavity and see the firing neurons sending signals at the speed of light to this thing you call *Self*. Now widen your view till you see all the stars in the galaxy, identical to your neurons, firing signals at the speed of light to that thing we call the *Universe* . . . *Yogachara* . . . *All is one* . . . It encompasses all matter in the universe, including all the cling-ons on your poodle fur to that rancid pork chop you ride through the cosmos!” * * *

(continues on next page)



Puffins in the Universe // Oil painting by P. Payne

“I have been enlightened!” the Poodle exclaimed.

“But, my Penguin, you haven't told me a poem.”

“Very well, Poodle. Here is a poem I wrote. It's about a stainless steel flat washer that is in love with a chocolate doughnut.”



You in a Certain Light // Photograph by Jillian Gold

Hunger

By The Penguin

He was a long-stemmed flat washer . . .

Helical cut . . . annular in nature . . .

Axial sheaves driven by in-volute ideology . . .

A . . . thin . . . fat . . . circular ring . . .

Strength precipitated in the density of his nickel-chrome spherical exterior . . .

Originating internally somewhere in his hollow elliptical section . . .

Only one question remained unanswered in his countersunk head . . .

Where is my chocolate doughnut . . .?

Where is my chocolate doughnut . . .?



Me IRL by Alysha Cypher
Acrylic & Ink on Clayboard
Part of a series: *Science Satire*

The Tiniest Fractions of More & More

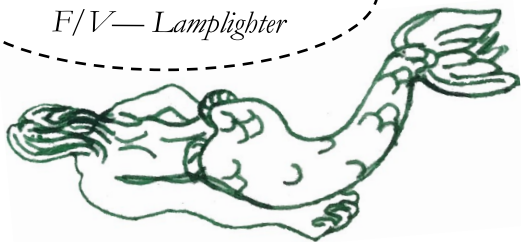
By Jillian Gold

More and more I frustrate to watch
My hands mashing chaotic
Satisfying algorithms
Of which my head has no command
And, where detached, it is left to consider
Why, more and more, this whole body
Is coached towards milks without fat
And socks without cotton

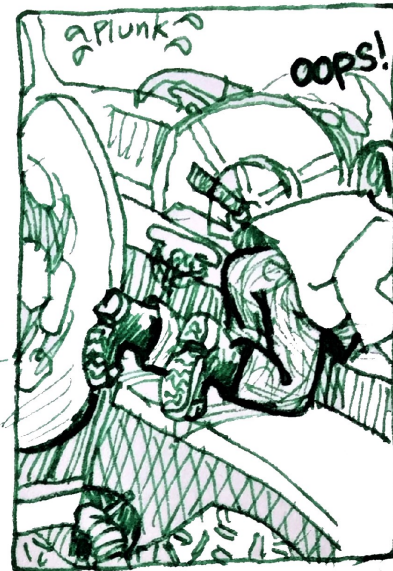


By Sam Bair

F/V—*Lamplighter*



Read the whole comic book
(and others by Sam Bair)
at the library!



Who Can Say

By Steve Schoonmaker — *F/V Saulteur*

Who can say what starts and ends
Who can say what all depends
On Weather's winds and River's bends
On Time that tests what breaks or bends

Who can say what roots the seed
That pulls us out from Land's safety
To learn to stand at bended knees
To brace the pound of living seas
To simply feel what run-offs mean
To Sky and Earth and Ocean's green

To algae blooms and salmon streams
Yea, simply feel what fear can bring
To living life, a tiny thing

No flukes or fins or seagull's wings
Upon an ocean uncaring
Of what survives but everything

Who can say but you and me
That fill our lungs with ocean breeze
That reach our brains in braided streams
for thoughts to kill to fill our needs
With land-born mammal's tendencies
Evolving bound to Sea and means

Who can say what herring see
If salmon dream like you and me
Of Orca's spray and sea lion teeth
Of natal streams and Spawn's release

(continues on next page)



Photograph by David Saiget

Our seines and gillnets and gurdies turn
Our crab lights glare and engines burn
Who can say what humans learn
In how to catch and how to earn

Who can say but you and me
That fill our lungs with ocean breeze
That reach our brains in braided streams
With blood that's red like fisheries
Those simple truths like food to eat

Who can say but you and me
That work the tide as life competes
From outer space to city streets
To marketplace beyond the breeze
Where fishing people meet the needs
With land-born mammal's deficiencies
Hands and fingers not sea lion teeth

Who can say but you and me
Not scientists' technology
Or buyers, brokers, companies
Or most of the people on the street
With land-born mammal's tendencies
With normal lives lived annually
Apart from risks like you and me

Who can say but you and me
That face some winters hard and lean
When summer runs leave vacancies
In nets and holds and mouths to feed
Who can say but you and me
The kind with boats that salmon meet
Where spacious blue horizons greet
Each life and death as one complete

A mortal man where fish should be
Sensing unknown secrecies
That make a living straining seas
For gillnets, seines, and other means

Who can say but you and me
That fill our lungs with ocean breeze
That reach our brains in braided streams
With thoughts to kill to fill our needs

Probing Ocean's secrecies
For simple truths like food to eat
To learn to stand at bended knee
To brace the pound of living seas

With hands and finger, not sea lion teeth
To learn to sense what we can't see
Where life and death are one complete
Yea, who can say but you and me

Who can say?



Moon Snail by Alysha Cypher
Acrylic & Ink on Clayboard
Part of a series: *Science Satire*



Sheridan Ice // Photograph by Arlene Rosenkrans

Unbridled Elephants

By Rob Ammerman

As with the march of ancient glaciers,
So it is with human nature.
Slowly trudging onward, changing,
Lost/Found in rearranging.

Ring the morning bell.
A moving power, resonant,
Furnishing flesh o'er rocky crags,
Armored elephants topple sediment
Into emperors' empty bags.

Inspired by infinity,
How powerful we become.
Seek out your own divinity.
Cross the Alps, Napoleon.

Grandeur does not stand idle.
It wonders, where's the line?
Ready the mammoths with their bridles
It's time for us to find

A new order born from flash-fired fabrics;
Heirlooms burned from dusty attics.
The goods parts, like a rising feather
Worn down again by changing weather.

Revolution's far from static.
The bell's ringing in my ears.
Climatic, emphatic, ecstatic,
Let's wring away our fears.
Let's ring that morning bell
For all of us to hear.

Admiring heroic deeds
We move forward inch by inch.
Plying for our human needs,
Our heroes seldom flinch.

Over years, the fears
They settle in our spines.
How far must we go before
We cross those sacred lines?

The crevasse's open jaws follow our procession
The crack that separates our love
from our regression,
Our decay from our progression.

(continues on next page)

To those too weak to etch a lasting frame
On history's great reel,
Questions be revealed.
How long lasts *my* name?
As long as does my zeal.
Do you hear the mourning bell?

Born to build, destined to fall,
Exiled to an island apart from it all
In and out of fear, for them, we call.
Listening for that morning bell.

For Napoleonic elephants, treading icy torrents,
Bursting from their bridles when the situation warrants,
The choice is crystal clear:
Struggle, tread, and squander, or turn an ear to hear
A tribute to our heroes whose stories we keep near.

Once in a way,
We find greatness.
Handfuls of sand molded to statements
That travel from mouth to ears
In and out of years.

I wish to be a drop of water,
a ripple of blood,
a son and a father,
In humanity's great flood.

Pyramids under rippling tides.
Beware the ides, beware the ides.
Even diamonds must decay.
Come whatever may.

Write new stories built on old ones.
Chart new maps, and make them bold ones.
Float over ebbs and flows, and swells,
Unbridled elephants, ringing morning bells.



St. Jerome // Digital illustration by Sam Bair — F/V Lamplighter



Oil Painting by Mark Flanagan — *F/V Cadillac*



Photograph by David Lynn Grimes

HAIKU

By David Lynn Grimes

barefoot in the bog
ecstasy to squish the toes
what all children know

